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HISTORY OF RAYMOND

By ELIZABETH KING

WEEKS BROTHERS, SUCCESSFUL RANCHERS

Late in August, 1902, my brother Will and I decided if we continued in the cattle business we would have to seek greener pastures.

Our ranges were overstocked, losses were heavy every winter and hay was out of the question. We had stock on the Henry Mountains and the Boulder Mountains and the deserts between in Southern Utah. Roaming bands of sheep left dusty trails on the desert and trimmed the vegetation in to the ground on the mountain ranges. To remain in the stock business after experiencing this picture year after year we knew something would have to be done, and that immediately. Where will we go and when shall we move was the question. We had talked of Oregon as well as Canada. We decided after an hour consultation, as we sat on our worn out saddle horses on top of Boulder mountain, 12,000 ft. above sea level, surrounded by a half dozen bands of sheep, that we would head for Salt Lake City next day and discuss with men who knew Oregon as well as Canada as a place to go and establish a ranching business.

W. H. McIntyre Sr. was the first man we met for information and to discuss ranching business in Canada.

I can see his stately figure today as he stood on a main corner in front of the McIntyre Bank, wearing his broad brimmed western cow boy hat.

He was very reluctant to say very much when we first opened up the conversation. He wanted to know why we wanted so much information about Canada. After telling him

we were looking for a place in a new country where we could establish a ranching business, he said, "Haven't you heard of the hard winters in Canada and the cold rains that kill the cattle in the spring?" He continued "I am losing thousands of dollars in Canada every year. Now understand me boys, I am losing all his money by not having enough cattle to eat the grass going to waste up there. Yes, if I wanted to go into the cattle business and had an old cow with but three good legs would ship her to Canada," he said.

Then to contact a church member that was somewhat familiar with both countries, Canada and Oregon. We called on Joseph W. McNurfin. His advice was "If you want a good mild climate to live in where you grow fruit in abundance and probably could ranch in a small way, go to Oregon but if you want lots of room on a rich fertile prairie, covered with an abundance of grass, go to Canada. The grass on the ranges in Canada is just as thick as it is on any lawn in Salt Lake City," he said.

That was enough. We left that night and in two days we were in Canada. We roided into Stirling on the night of August 28 over the narrow gauge railroad from Great Falls and experienced that night what 4 degrees of frost felt like in Canada after coming out of the south.

We were glad to get out of that little cold room at the hotel and started to walk to Raymond to get warm. Half way over we were overtaken by Christian Peterson of Wellington and Joe Harker of Magrath, riding in a sheep camp supply wagon

on the way to Raymond for supplies for the Knight Sugar Co.'s camps. We were headed straight for the Knight's at Raymond so we appreciated the lift. Our friendship has continued from that time on. On reaching Raymond we found all the Knights had gone to Cardston for conference. There was but one stake at that time and everybody seemed to be at conference. We worked our way on to Cardston and there contacted the Knights, including Uncle Jessie. They received us very kindly and immediately after conference drove us to the K2 ranch to look over their land possessions in Canada. On the way out, Uncle Jessie humorously said, "Ray, I believe you should tie a knot in your horse's tails." "Why, father," said Ray, "Well, if they should stir through their collars you would stir have them by the tails".

Ray's team was young and small, weaving about in the road showing considerable difficulty in pulling their load.

Ray got busy and showed us his 1000 Manitoba steers of which 400 were all ready to be shipped to Winnipeg or Toronto. He said he expected to get \$40. or \$45 per head for them which seemed a good price at that time. We were fitted out at the ranch with two good saddle horses and a guide to ride down the Milk River ridge, through the McIntyre ranch, on in to the ridge country known as the apron, then back south into the country known as the DelBonita district where Charley Kinsey and Steve Bennett were riding a line between the Knight Sugar Co. Cattle and the McIntyres with John Ross and Walter Rouse holding their share of the line working for McIntyre. Day after day we rode the range, never tiring seeing the thousands of fat cattle and the abundance of grass that stood knee high to a saddle horse. Not a fence was seen after leaving the

K2 ranch until we contacted a line since running south from Stirling over the Milk River ridge down to Milk River and south. So impressed with the country and to its possibilities as a ranching country we rushed back home fully determined to gather a shipment of cattle that fall and move them to Canada. By the first of November we had selected from the desert and the mountain ranges about 500 head of our strongest cattle and headed north. My brother Will was not able to make the trip back to Canada that fall because of domestic duties at home but my brother Archie, four years younger than myself put on his red flannels and said he would try one winter in

Canada. Uncle George Forsyth caught the Canadian spirit and wanted to know if he could go along with us and take about 45 cattle, 4 work horses and his saddle horse. He presented a dignified and distinguished teamster perched high upon the lead wagon driving four big horses, wearing a U.S. officers uniform and wearing an ivory handled 45 pistol strapped to his hip, ready for any emergency. We had along with us Vern Symon and Leo Ballard of our town who were anxious to see the country we had spoke of so well.

The trip was almost uneventful until we reached Cut Bank in North Montana, our destination. Arriving there 12 o'clock at night, the Great Northern railroad demanded \$1200 in cash for their end of the haul from southern Utah before the cattle could be unloaded. We were hungry, tired, cold and disappointed. We had no currency, so the stock was held on the train cars until 11 o'clock next day. In a compromise I gave our check for \$1200. When morning came a wire was sent to Salt Lake City concerning this cheque. The word came back OK so we proceeded to unload the cars and set our wagons together. We worked hard and fast to get over on the Canadian side of the line before winter set in, so within 48 hours we

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